

# **Welcome To The Losers' Club**

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## Welcome To The Losers' Club by reddie\_set\_go

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**Genre:** Domestic Fluff, Everyone Is Alive, Fluff and Angst, idk yet, they are all 19 so don't @ me with your BS, this will probably become mature at some point

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

**Relationships:** Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough/Stamley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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**Summary:**

Bev has a gift for the Losers, and it starts a whole new chapter of their lives together. This series is set in an AU where everyone lived, everyone stayed in Derry, and Pennywise is gone for good.

## 1. Movin' On

Beverly came barreling into Richie's room, completely out of breath and panting. "You guys will never fucking believe what just happened!" She said between gasping breaths. She flopped down on Richie's disheveled bed next to Richie, Eddie, Stan, Mike and Bill. Her waist-length red hair splayed out over the mattress. She threw her hand out to Richie, who knowingly stuck a cigarette in her outstretched hand.

Ben came strolling in shortly behind her, a huge smile on his face. "Bev, chill out so you can tell them before you die," he laughed. He sat on the edge of the bed next to Mike.

Bev pulled a pale blue lighter out of the pocket of her green jumper and lit the cigarette, taking a huge drag before speaking: "So you know my apartment, right?"

The rest of the group groaned. On Bev's 19th birthday, Beverly's mom, out of the kindness of her heart (and probably a little guilt over what Bev's dad had done to her), had gifted her with a set of keys. Keys to a new, fully furnished, apartment unit in a complex down the road. The landlord was an old family friend, and had struck a deal with Bev's mom that as long as Bev did a favor here and there for him, she could live there for free. Ever since, her place had been the hangout spot, and Bev never stopped talking about "her apartment" and how much she loved it. The other Losers pretended to be annoyed, but really, they were just jealous, since they all still lived at home. (Other than Ben, of course, who slept at home but spent the rest of his time at Bev's anyway.)

"Yeah, Bev, what about it?" Said Mike, shaking his head and sharing a smile with Stan.

"The lady down the hall from me died," she said, taking another drag from her cigarette. "You know, the one I've been making breakfast for every morning?"

"Yeah," Eddie chimed in. "Mrs. Bendell. She was a sweetheart." He

pushed himself up from his laying position on Richie's lap. "She died?"

"Yeah. Died in her sleep. But guess what?" Beverly beamed at the boys, despite the somber topic.

"What?" Stan quipped. "Spit it out, Bev." Bill removed his hand from Stan's to fix an unruly curl sticking out from Stan's head.

"She left her apartment to me! And, her sister that lived in the complex down the street? She's moving out! And she left hers to me as well!" Beverly yelled this last part, sitting up quickly and ashing her cigarette in the ashtray on Richie's bedside table.

"So now you have th-three units?" Bill moaned, throwing his hands up in the air. "Lucky! How are y-you even going to af-fford that?"

"They're all paid off! I guess Mrs. Bendell and her sister had more money than we thought. Both of their places are completely mine, free of charge, according to the property owners."

"So, what then? Did you just come over here to brag?" Richie asked, obviously jealous.

"That's where this gets interesting." Beverly's blue eyes sparkled as she looked around at the 6 boys sitting next to her. "I've decided to move into the other complex. It's way bigger. It's got 2 bedrooms and a separate kitchen and dining room. As for the other two in the Cedarwood complex..." She trailed off, reaching into the other pocket of her jumper. She revealed two keys, one blue, one red. She tossed the red key to Richie, who caught it and stared at Bev in shock. She threw the other to Bill, who made no effort to catch it and let it fall to the bed in front of him and Stan.

"You can't be serious." Richie said, staring at the key in his hand. "Are you serious?"

"Dead serious." Beverly laughed at her own dark joke.

"B-Beverly-" Bill began. "There's no way I can just-"

“Shh, both of you. We’re all 19, we’ve all outgrown our houses, and I’m sure our parents are tired of us hanging around. We’re in college, for Christ’s sake. It’s not a gift, it’s mercy. Take it.” She said, a very clear sense of finality in her voice. She looked at Mike. “And you can feel free to stay with whoever you want. My place is always open, and Bill and Richie don’t have much say in the matter.” Mike beamed back at her, more grateful than words would express.

Richie looked like he was holding back tears. For the first of exactly 3 times in the Losers’ lives, the Trashmouth was speechless. “This is a joke, right?” His voice cracked very slightly. “Right?”

Bev shook her head. “Far from a joke, Richie ol’ boy. Far from a joke.”

Beverly looked over and noticed Eddie sitting next to Richie silently, staring at his red and white striped socks and picking at his fingernails. She nudged Richie, who was still visibly shaken, and pointed a finger at Eddie.

“You good, Eds?” Richie asked, his voice uncharacteristically low and unanimated.

“Yeah. Just wish I could move out,” Eddie said, looking up. “I can’t afford my own place. And besides, my mom would never let me.” He smiled, his eyes still sad. “I’m happy for you guys, though.”

Richie looked taken aback. He and Bev shared a look and snickered to themselves, Richie finally recovering from the shock. “You’re right, Eds,” he chuckled. “I just got a brand-fucking-new place to live, big enough for a small family, and I was just gonna let my boyfriend keep living with his toxic mother.” He lightly shoved Eddie, who looked up at him in utter disbelief.

“You mean-” Eddie stopped, afraid to finish the question. “You’re asking me to live with you?”

“Obviously, asshole! I thought that was pretty clear,” Richie laughed, his wild curly hair bouncing.

"I was throwing the key to both of you, Eddie." Beverly giggled.

"We're gonna live together?" Eddie stared at his boyfriend with skepticism.

"Is that a yes?"

"If I can convince my mom-"

"To hell with your mom!" Richie suddenly yelled. "We've got the opportunity of a fucking lifetime here, and I'll be damned if Sonia fucking Kaspbrak is going to keep us from it." Richie grabbed Eddie's face and pressed their lips together. "We're gonna live together." Richie said when they pulled apart, staring at each other.

"We're gonna live together." Eddie repeated, a smile creeping across his now-red face.

Most of the other Losers watched this adorable exchange, but Bill and Stan were having a whispered conversation to the side.

"So, you wanna l-live with me?" Bill smirked, dangling the key in front of Stan's face, which was flushed with excitement.

"Of course I do, you big dork." Stan laughed. He playfully snatched the key from Bill's hand and stared at it, reveling in all the possibilities the tiny blue key held.

Bill watched Stan inspect the key, loving how he could see the gears in Stan's mind churn. It was the way he scrunched his cute nose, and how his eyes lit up when he thought of something that made him happy. Bill's heart swelled at the thought of being able to make Stan happy, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. Just the two of them, together. He planted a kiss on the curly-headed boy's forehead and pulled him into a hug, Stan's head on his chest as they sat with their friends.

After arrangements had been made for Mike to stay with Beverly, and everyone had showered her with thanks and gratitude, Bev left for home. The boys decided they'd move in the following Friday, to give

them time to pack and let their parents know.

Ben and Beverly strolled down the sidewalk to Bev's apartment hand in hand, Bev staring wistfully at the pink and orange sunset. Ben stared at the love of his life, as he often did, in complete disbelief that someone could be so beautiful.

"So... Mike's gonna stay with you, then, huh?" Ben asked, hoping he wasn't expressing his slight hurt.

Beverly turned to look at her soon-to-be fiancé, a tiny smile pulling at the corners of her mouth. "Why?" She asked innocently.

"Well, it's just that I, uh, I thought we might-" Ben was cut off by Beverly swooping over and planting a kiss on his lips.

"I thought you'd never ask." Beverly said after they parted, her cheeks a flushed pink. "Of course you can live with me, Benjamin. I can't live without you."

Ben blushed the rest of the way home.

## 2. Moving Day (Richie&Eddie)

### Summary for the Chapter:

Richie and Eddie move in!

"Mom, I need to talk to you." Eddie said tentatively. Seated on the couch, his hands shook as he picked at his fingernails. The only light in the room was the T.V. flickering.

Sonia Kaspbrak sat across the living room, in her usual seat in her recliner. "What is it, Eddie?" she asked, not looking up from the television.

"So," Eddie said, struggling to spit the words out. "I, uh, think I'm gonna... move out." He continued to stare at his hands, afraid to see his mother's reaction. "Bev's neighbor passed away and left her with a couple extra apartment units, and the property owner is letting us live there for free. I'm leaving on Friday."

Eddie looked up. His mom sat there, unmoving, staring at him in disbelief. The glare from the T.V. reflected in her eyes, highlighting the mix of sadness, terror, and pain on his mother's face. Eddie stared back, his expression a mix of defiance and panic. He was afraid of how she would react, but he was determined not to let her control him this time.

"But Eddie!" She finally spoke, her voice nothing less than a wail. "You can't do this to me! You're too young, and fragile, and you need me to protect you." Sonia stood up and went to sit next to her son. Eddie sprung to his feet before she could reach him. He knew if he let her sit beside him, let her start hugging him and kissing his head and crying in his shoulder, that he'd give in to his mother's manipulation.

"No, mom." Eddie stood firmly in front of his weeping mother, his fists clenched at his sides. "I'm not small, or fragile, or weak. I'm 19. I'm doing this. It's been long enough." His voice trembled even with the emotionless front he was putting up. He stormed up the stairs and slammed his bedroom door before she could say another word, and,



in the safety of his bedroom, he let himself break down. He began to sob quietly, the pressure in his chest racking his small frame.

It wasn't that Eddie didn't love his mom. He did. She was damn near the only person that had ever looked out for him, besides the rest of the Losers. He felt a horrible, plaguing sense of guilt at the thought of leaving her alone, but he knew he deserved better. Eddie climbed in his bed and stared at the ceiling, tears sliding silently down his cheeks. He forced himself to think of Richie and the life they'd get to start together in a mere 2 days. The small boy eventually fell asleep with a tiny smile on his face.

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"That all your medicine, Eds?" Richie laughed as he watched Eddie load the last of his immense number of boxes into the trunk of Richie's El Camino. Eddie sighed and shut the trunk, looking back at his front door, which was slightly ajar. Richie could still hear Eddie's mom's faint sobs from the living room. Ever since Richie had shown up at the Kaspbrak's house to help Eddie pack, about 4 hours earlier, Sonia had been protesting with all her might. Eventually she gave up and took her place in her recliner, sniffing and watching the boys make trips to and from Eddie's room, their arms full of boxes, bags and suitcases.

Eddie leaned against the trunk and ran a hand through his hair. "She's never gonna forgive me for this." He sighed, staring wistfully at the door.

Richie approached his boyfriend and pulled him into a hug. "Don't be a pussy." He joked, ruffling the shorter boy's brown hair. "She'll get over it. Besides, we get to live together. That makes up for it, right?" He tilted Eddie's chin upwards to look into his eyes.

Eddie smiled, then quickly pulled away. "The door's open, Rich." He whispered. "If she knows we're dating she'll never let me go. Now come on, let's go drop off my stuff." He ran to the doorway of his house, calling "Bye, Mommy!" one last time. Richie heard the sobs from inside get significantly louder before Eddie shut the door to run and hop into the passenger seat of Richie's run-down car. Eddie

watched to make sure Richie buckled his seatbelt before they drove off.

Eddie was nearly trembling with excitement and nerves as Richie backed into their parking space outside the complex. Their apartment. Their parking space. Eddie instinctively reached for his inhaler before remembering he'd ditched it 2 weeks ago. Time to grow up, he thought to himself. No more gazebos for Eddie Kaspbrak. Richie threw the car into park and looked over at Eddie, deep brown eyes sparkling behind his huge glasses.

"Ready to get your first look at our place?" Richie asked, nothing but excitement on his freckled face. He'd insisted on not letting Eddie see their apartment before today, wanting it to be a surprise.

"I've been ready, you asshole!" Eddie said excitedly. He jumped out of the car, opened the trunk, and handed a suitcase to Richie before grabbing one for himself and approaching the door. Richie took his boyfriend's suitcase, his heart fluttering in his chest at how excited Eddie was. Their hearts both pounded as he Richie punched the password into the keypad with his free hand – 9551, he repeated to himself – and heard the tiny "beep" and "click" of the locks disengaging. Eddie's heart beat faster still when Richie swung the door open and stepped aside to let him in first.

The door closed behind them. Eddie took in the feel of the place, looking around. "Want to take the elevator?" Richie asked, gesturing to the small silver door to their right.

"Nope," Eddie said, smiling. "Let's take the stairs."

The couple began to ascend the stairs, and Eddie's nose filled with the unfamiliar scent of the place, not exactly pleasant but not bad either. New house smell. He thought to himself, hearing the stairs creak under his feet. The boys reached the first level, turned and began to descend the stairs to the second.

"It's apartment 448," Richie said.

"The 4th floor?" Eddie squeaked. He remembered his mom telling him years ago that people 3 stories or more above ground level were the most likely to die, if a natural disaster struck. He was never

allowed in the attic for this very reason. Not that he had much of a desire to go up there, anyway. Heights were not something Eddie was fond of.

“Is that a problem?” Richie asked, looking at his boyfriend with concern.

“No! Just surprised you didn’t demand number 420,” Eddie laughed.

Richie smirked. “I asked if we could switch. It’s occupied.”

The boys reached level 4 and Richie swung open the glass door leading to their hallway. The hall was long, the huge window at the other end illuminating the red and brown patterned carpet and white walls. The two boys started down the hallway, Eddie watching the numbers on the right pass by. 404, 408, 412, he counted silently. 424...432...444- the boys stopped in front of an oak door, the chipped black paint on it reading 448. Richie took the royal blue key from his pocket and unlocked the door.

“Ready?” Richie looked at his boyfriend with so much love in his eyes it made Eddie blush.

“How many times are you gonna ask me if I’m ready?” Eddie quipped, his eyes flashing with excitement. “Move!”

Pushing Richie aside, Eddie burst through the door and into his new home. He gasped. Richie’s heart skipped again at the sound. The sun shone through the sliding glass doors at the back of the apartment, reflecting off the pale yellow walls and illuminating the empty space with warm light. To Eddie’s right was the kitchen, with a small white fridge, an oven, a dishwasher, and not much else. There was a space for a dining room table and chairs, and Eddie could already see the rest of the Losers sitting around a table, enjoying whatever experiment Ben decided to cook for them. In front of him was the living room, only big enough for a small couch, coffee table, and TV. Maybe a bookshelf. Richie came up and wrapped his free arm around Eddie’s waist.

“What do ya think, huh, Eds?” Richie grinned. “It’s not much, but it’s better than living with your cow of a mom, am I right?”

Eddie was blinking back tears of happiness when Richie grabbed his hand and pulled him down the short hallway to the left that led to the only bedroom. It was small, one of the blinds was broken, and the overhead light had butterfly stickers on it, but Eddie loved it. He threw his arms around his boyfriend's neck and kissed him, and with that gesture he said thank you, I love you, I'm so excited to live here with you and so many other things he never could've said with words. They separated, Richie fixing his glasses, Eddie fixing his hair, a faint pink blush on both their cheeks.

Richie gave Eddie the 'formal' tour, which was over fairly quickly in the tiny apartment. Neither boy minded. They made several trips to and from Richie's car to bring the rest of Eddie's things in, stacking his boxes and bags against the bedroom wall, across from the bathroom door. They then drove to Richie's house, packed up his insane number of things (which took nearly 6 hours) and drove back, exhausted. It was nearly midnight when they arrived. Richie leaped out of the car, grabbed the shit ton of blankets and pillows he'd found in his basement out of the backseat and slammed the door.

"Fuck this. We'll bring the rest of it up tomorrow." Richie grumbled, pushing his wild hair out of his eyes.

"Sounds like a plan." Eddie laughed.

They took the elevator this time, almost too tired to put one foot in front of the other. Both were still awestruck when Eddie opened their door. This place was theirs. Taking the bedding from Richie, who went to open the door to the balcony, Eddie went into their bedroom and began to lay the blankets out on the ground. He smiled as he did it, thinking about how his mother never let him sleep on the floor, always warning him about back pain and E.R. visits when he left for sleepovers at Bill's.

When the 'bed' was made to Eddie's satisfaction, he walked out of the bedroom and into the kitchen. "Rich?" He called, not seeing the lanky, freckled boy.

"Out here!" A voice called from the balcony.

Eddie poked his head through the slightly open glass door and looked at Richie, who was sitting on the floor of the balcony with his legs stuck through the spaces in the railing. He swung his feet and puffed on a cigarette, his hair and the smoke blowing in the wind. Turning to look at Eddie, Richie beamed and patted the ground next to him.

Eddie shook his head and walked out, sliding the door shut behind him. Instead of beside him, Eddie sat squarely behind Richie, wrapping his arms around the boy's waist and resting his head on his back. Richie smiled to himself. He looked out over the balcony, appreciating the lights that glowed on the Derry skyline, even late at night. He took another puff of his cigarette and felt Eddie sigh into him. As much as he complained about it, the smell of cigarettes didn't really bother Eddie all that much. They'd come to smell like home. And home, Eddie was.

When the couple finally crawled into their makeshift bed that night, Eddie in a huge sweater and Richie in just sweatpants, neither boy could remember ever being as happy as they were right then. Richie took off his glasses and placed them on the floor beside his pillow. He rested his head on the smaller boy's chest, his arm thrown over Eddie's torso, their legs intertwined, Eddie's fingers running through Richie's curly, tangled mess of hair. Richie, half-asleep already, lifted his head and kissed Eddie goodnight before snuggling back into him. Eddie's heart bloomed, and so did Richie's for that brief moment before sleep overtook them both.

### **3. Moving Day (Bill&Stan)**

#### **Summary for the Chapter:**

Bill and Stan move in, with a little help from Georgie :)

#### **Notes for the Chapter:**

This one was a tad rushed because I was super busy yesterday but I hope you like it anyway!

“Are you guys coming?” Georgie yelled from the front lawn of his house. He bounced up and down excitedly, dry leaves crunching under his Keds as he watched Stan come out the front door, his arms full of boxes.

“Calm down, Georgie,” Stan laughed, letting go of the pile of boxes with one arm to ruffle the short boy’s hair. “This is the last of them, then we’re off.” Stan carefully loaded the perfectly packed, taped and labeled boxes into the back of Mr. Denbrough’s pickup truck. Bill’s father had nicely agreed to let him borrow his truck, since both of the boys had an ASTRONOMICAL amount of belongings to bring. Stan glanced behind him, through the open door and watched Bill hug his parents goodbye.

Stan walked around the fully packed truck to the driver’s side door of his own car. “Hey, Georgie?” He called. “Wanna ride with me?”

Georgie’s face lit up with excitement. He barreled across the lawn, jumping over leaf piles as he went, and dashed down the driveway to the passenger side of Stan’s car. He stood on his tiptoes and looked at Stan with wide eyes. “Only if I can sit in the front seat!” He said, his brown eyes glimmering.

“Of course,” Stan laughed, unlocking the doors to allow the boy to hop in. “You can start it, too,” he said, opening his own door and bending down to hand Georgie the keys. Georgie started the car and immediately started to browse the radio stations.

“You’re so good with him.” Bill’s voice came from the top of the driveway. Stan turned around and blushed slightly at the comment. “How did I get so lucky?” Bill sauntered over, wrapping his arms around Stan’s waist and looking him deep in the eyes. Stan blushed harder. His heart skipped as he placed a quick peck on his tall boyfriend’s lips before breaking their embrace. He lightly pushed Bill in the direction of the pickup truck. “You’re right, we gotta get going.”

Bill knocked on the passenger side window of Stan’s car and mouthed to Georgie “seatbelt”. Georgie immediately buckled his seatbelt, sat back and beamed at his older brother, one of his front teeth missing.

Bill watched Stan climb into the driver’s seat next to his little brother and couldn’t help but wonder, again, how he got lucky enough to find a boyfriend that loved Georgie just as much, if not more than Bill did. It went unspoken, but Bill knew that Stan would do just about anything for Georgie. Stan had taken him to concerts, gone to his soccer games, and, when Stan learned that Georgie was being bullied on the bus, he began driving him to and from school every day, just the two of them. They had a bond no one would have predicted, but somehow seemed perfect.

Bill climbed into his dad’s red pickup truck and started the engine. Stan looked over and waved at him to signal that he should follow behind them. Bill saluted in response, and Stan shook his head. Bill waved goodbye to his parents one last time as he backed out of the driveway.

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“Are you kidding me? Absolutely not.” Stan reached up into the cabinet and took out the three plates Bill had just placed there.

Bill sighed. “Okay, s-so I’ll just let you put th-the dishes away.”

“Good plan. Why don’t you and Georgie go check out the pool and stuff?”

Bill shook his head at his boyfriend, walking out of their small kitchen and into the living room. Georgie was seated on the bare,

dark hardwood floor, folding Stan's monogrammed "SU" towels and organizing them into neat piles by color, just as Stan had demonstrated.

Bill glanced around the nearly barren apartment. Boxes sat strewn around the living room and dining room, most open and full. The only light came from the setting sun that shone through the sliding glass balcony door, casting strips of orange light on the navy-blue walls. They'd both seen the place plenty of times before, but today it was different. Today it was theirs, and today they lived here together. Bill's heart skipped a beat when he glanced at his boyfriend, hard at work stacking plates in the correct cabinet.

"C'mon, Georgie, let's g-go take a break from unpacking." The boy jumped to his feet and followed Bill out of the heavy front door, which the previous tenant had painted a dark grey. Bill closed the door behind them, stopped for a moment and ran his hand over the chipped numbers painted on the wood. 480. He loved that number already.

Georgie took off down the hall towards the elevator, where he insisted on pressing the down button and the ground floor button once they were inside. Bill just chuckled to himself as he ran with the 12-year-old boy out of the elevator, into the lobby and out to the pool. Georgie took one look at the pool and got a glimmer in his eye. Bill didn't have time to stop him.

SPLASH! – they were both underwater. Bill surfaced as fast as he could, shook the water from his hair and eyes and started splashing the younger boy over and over. "Stop, Billy, stop!" Georgie shrieked with laughter, holding his hands up to protect his face from the torrents of water. "I'm sorry!"

"You're just l-lucky I left my ph-phone upstairs, Denbrough!" Bill yelled, tackling his brother and yanking them both underwater again. Their screams of laughter rang through the air, making Stan come out to the balcony to see what the commotion was. He smiled to himself, watching the brothers wrestle in the water 4 floors below. There is nothing I wouldn't do for either of them, he thought. Nothing.



Bill and Georgie made their way back upstairs, both of their clothes dripping and their hair plastered to their foreheads. They left trails of puddles behind them as they walked. Georgie giggled at the squelching sound Bill's shoes made on the red and brown patterned carpet in the hallway.

Bill knocked on the front door, knowing Stan would have a fit if they set foot in the apartment in their condition. Stan cracked the door and stuck his curly head through, throwing them two red towels before Bill could even get a word out. He stuck his hand through the small opening. "Give me your pants, socks and shoes."

Georgie looked at Bill in utter disbelief. "Our PANTS?" Georgie giggled. "We have to take off our PANTS in the HALLWAY?"

Bill looked at Stan, who nodded. "You h-heard Stan the Man," Bill laughed.

Glancing around to be sure no one would see, the two of them quickly disrobed most of their lower halves, handed the clothes to Stan and wrapped the towels around themselves. Stan, looking satisfied, opened the door the rest of the way. "You may enter."

Stan went to put their clothes in the laundry room. Bill stopped in the open doorway, surprised. In the dining room sat a cheap white folding table and four chairs that hadn't been there earlier. "Babe? Where did these c-come from?" Bill asked, holding on to his towel as he walked over to the table.

"Where did what come from?" Stan reentered the living room, a pair of sweats for Georgie in his hand. Georgie slid them on gratefully. "Oh, that! Hang on a second." Stan spun on his heels, making his curly hair bounce as he walked briskly into the kitchen. Georgie followed. Stan emerged from the kitchen a minute later with Georgie on his heels, both of them carrying a plate of pasta.

"Stan..." Bill looked at his boyfriend with incredible admiration. "You m-made dinner?"

"What kind of husband would I be if I didn't have dinner waiting for you after a long day at work?" Stan laughed. "Now go put pants on

so we can eat as a family.”

Georgie put his plate down and scooted into one of the chairs. “I’m starving!” He said through a mouthful of food. Stan and Bill laughed. Bill went in their bedroom, changed out of his soaked clothes, and returned to the dinner table. He seated himself next to Georgie and Stan sat across from him. He felt Stan’s hand grab his own underneath the table, and the three of them sat there, laughing and enjoying one another’s company. Bill gave Stan’s hand the occasional squeeze, both of them wondering for at least the second time that day just how they got so lucky.

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When Stan returned from taking Georgie home, it was almost 9 p.m. He was pleasantly surprised to find the table cleared, the dishes rinsed, and the dishwasher loaded. “Bill?” He called, taking off his shoes and leaving them neatly beside the rug in front of the door. He walked into their bedroom and smiled at the sight of his boyfriend struggling with the king-sized air mattress that Bill’s parents had given them.

“Can y-you help me? This damn th-thing won’t unfold the w-way it’s supposed t-to,” Bill grunted.

After almost two hours of wrestling with the pesky bed, the pair finally got it up. “I’m sorry,” Bill said, panting from the effort. “I wanted to do something for you, since you made dinner, and you were so good and patient with Georgie today, and-”

Stan crawled into his boyfriend’s lap and silenced his worries by pressing his lips softly against Bill’s. The taller boy sighed into the kiss and deepened it, grateful for the affection after such a long day.

Stan pulled away from Bill, swatting at him after he tried to slip his tongue in the other boy’s mouth. “None of that right now! We have work to do!” Stan laughed.

Bill groaned and dramatically threw himself backwards onto the air mattress. “Do we HAVE to f-finish unpacking tonight? The furniture won’t even b-be delivered unt-til tomorrow afternoon.” He tilted his head towards Stan, looking at him with puppy eyes.

Stan thought for a moment. "I suppose... I suppose not." He gave in, smiling at the ecstatic look on Bill's face. God, Georgie and Bill are the spitting image of each other, he thought, looking at Bill's ear-to-ear grin.

"Yes!" Bill jumped up and grabbed the mountain of pillows and blankets from the corner of the room. He put the bed together while Stan changed into his pajamas, a college t-shirt and plaid pajama bottoms. "You are so cute." Bill said to his boyfriend as he yanked off his own clothes and threw on his old Freese's t-shirt. He switched off the light and the two crawled into bed together, Stan wrapping his arms around Bill's waist and Bill with his arms around Stan's shoulders. Stan's head rested lightly on Bill's chest, and Bill breathed in the scent of his lavender shampoo. The sound of one another's soft breathing was all it took to send them both straight to sleep.